

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson, Editor.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents, Cash in Advance.

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JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Moravian Falls, North Carolina

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is THE FOOL-KILLER.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

THE FOOL-KILLER is not even a forty-leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than Old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started THE FOOL-KILLER, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a hot old bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

THE FOOL-KILLER will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for THE FOOL-KILLER. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

Not Much Difference.

Old Aaron made a golden calf—
He made it, I allow,
Because he hadn't gold enough
To make a full-grown cow.

We're not much wiser than they were—

Those Israelites of old;
We don't make curs up into calves,
But still we worship gold.

Good Morning!

Now, then! You've been wanting something to howl and cuss about, and I reckon you've got it. But hold on. Don't get your back up until you know what you are mad about. Then maybe you'll think over it, and laugh over it, and decide that THE FOOL-KILLER isn't such an awful bad paper, after all.

When I began looking around for a name that would do to fly at the mast-head of my journalistic battleship I wanted something unusual—something startling. I wanted a name that would first catch the eye of the reader, then excite his curiosity, then tickle his funny-bone, and finally furnish him food for serious thought.

When you pick up a stray copy of "The Journal," or "The Post," or "The Chronicle," or "The Herald," or "The Star," or any one of a hundred other over-worked names, you do not experience any thrill of excitement such as a man feels when he has discovered something. You simply glance over the headlines and chuck the thing into the stove, and that is the end of it. But when you see for the first time a copy of THE FOOL-KILLER this is how it effects you: You first jump just a little; then you look again; then you whistle softly; then, if you are a profane man, you cuss a few rounds; then you read some more; then you laugh just moderate; then you read still more; then you hold your sides and just holler; then you go down into your homespun jeans and fish out the price of a year's subscription; by this time everybody for two blocks has gathered around you to see what is the matter; then you read THE FOOL-KILLER to the gang and they all want it; then you take their names and their money and send in a whooping big club.

And that's what they are doing all over these United States of America today. It's all very simple. Get you a bunch of FOOL-KILLERS and try it.

Go anywhere you please, take any crowd of people you can find, analyze it carefully, and if you don't find it nine-tenths hypocrisy and deceit, I've missed my guess.

Idiotorials

Tell your neighbors about this.

Don't act like a hog—unless you are one.

When a man's money goes his friends go with it.

Every neighborhood has at least one Solomon.

The wisest of us haven't got much sense.

The greatest burden this country has to carry is its "idle rich."

Better plow up your cuss patch next spring and plant it in prayer seed.

A little pride makes a man behave. Too much makes him act the fool.

When you stop to think about it, people are awful funny things. It tickles me.

We call some men wise simply because they are not quite so foolish as some other fools.

Day after to-morrow means heaven or hell to lots of people. Where are you at, mister?

The journey of life is very tiresome, and when a man arrives at the end he is out of breath.

Sugarcoat a rascal with money and the world will swallow him quicker than a toad could lick up a fly.

If you don't like the way the universe is managed, why don't you turn God off and run it yourself?

Step inside the tent, boys, and watch me apply the mustard-plasters for a whole year. Admission only 25c.

Conscience cuts but little ice these days. In fact, the world is drifting so close to the hot place that there is no ice to cut.

We cuss old John D.—and yet how many of us would refuse to accept his pile if he signed it over to us? I'm waiting for an answer.

Ten million dollars is what Prof. Pickering says it will cost to send a message to Mars. Dog my cats if I wouldn't send it collect.

Did you ever read about where Jesus built a fine church and installed a pipe organ, and then charged pew rent? No, I don't think you ever did.

Many a man who makes an assault with intent to preach should be convicted of ignorance and sentenced to ten years of hard study of the Bible.

It looks now like we will have female suffrage pretty soon. And that's the way to talk. I say, give the women a chance to vote, and if they can't elect better officials than the men have been doing, God pity 'em.

A rich man who loafs about the country and does nothing is called a gentleman; a poor man who loafs about the country and does nothing is called a tramp. Ain't society a glorious old fraud, anyhow?

Viewed from heaven, the average man wouldn't look as big as a chigger's eye-ball; but get down here beside him and you will think, to watch him strut and hear him talk, that he is as big as a mountain. Great big little insect a man is!

This howling wilderness which we call "Christian America" recognizes no god but the Dollar. Any person who says it does is either honestly mistaken or a wilful liar. Every time the United States mint turns out a coin bearing the motto, "In God We Trust," it coins a flagrant falsehood that will rise up in judgment and condemn us as a nation.

I see that God's private secretary—I mean that old bald-headed Dago in Rome—has just performed a new stunt. A party of fool journalists called on the self-righteous old sinner and asked him to "bless" their fountain pens, which request—so the papers say—was granted. Now if that don't just literally take the rag off the bush! I guess the Pope bewitched those pens, and I guess they will hereafter refuse to give down their milk unless they are writing Roman Catholic lies.

Frankly, I don't like the way Bill Taft is hobnobbing with the Catholics. That Catholic blow-out in Baltimore the other week, at which Taft and all the pie-counter push were guests of honor, was a downright disgrace to the United States of America. Just think—this government was founded upon the principle of separation of Church and State, while Romanism stands, first, last and always, for UNION of Church and State. Rome is hungry for political power, and that's why she is making love to Uncle Sam. And when Sam surrenders to her whorish charms—right there will end our boasted American freedom.